

PS  
3515  
E77  
S55  
1926

**DATE DUE**

JAN 06 1997


Subject To Recall After 2 Weeks

**LIBRARY**  
**NORTH DAKOTA**  
**STATE UNIVERSITY**  
**FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA**

WITHDRAWN







## Singing Rawhide









# Singing Rawhide

A BOOK OF WESTERN BALLADS

BY  
HAROLD HERSEY

*With Illustrations by*  
JERRY DELANO

NEW  YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

135611

COPYRIGHT, 1926,  
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PS  
3515  
E77  
S55  
1926

COPYRIGHT, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, BY ACE-HIGH MAGAZINE  
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY COWBOY STORIES  
COPYRIGHT, 1924, 1925, BY RANCH ROMANCES

SINGING RAWHIDE

— B —

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## CONTENTS

<i>The Lavender Cowboy,</i>	13
<i>"They Played Poker in Them Days,"</i>	17
<i>The "Two-Gun Roost,"</i>	25
<i>Chilled-Steel Custer,</i>	37
<i>John Wesley Hardin,</i>	45
<i>The Song of a Spanish Guitar,</i>	55
<i>The Ballad of a Buckaroo,</i>	59
<i>When Badmen Wuz Bad,</i>	69
<i>Honesty Bein' Thuh Best Policy,</i>	77
<i>Under Western Stars,</i>	81
<i>They Whipsawed Thuh Greenhorn Between 'Em,</i>	93
<i>The Death of Jesse James,</i>	101
<i>Ropin' Genealogies Along Thuh Old Frontier,</i>	109
<i>Billy Thuh Kid,</i>	127
<i>The Lone Prospector of the Snows,</i>	137
<i>"Yo're a Funny Leetle Fellow,"</i>	149
<i>Molly of the X-Bar-X,</i>	153
<i>Regrets,</i>	165
<i>A Rose of the Range,</i>	169
<i>A Song of the West,</i>	181
<i>The Lay of the Last Frontier,</i>	185



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
"He wished to follow the heroes who fight as the he-men do." . . . . .	12
THE LAVENDER COWBOY	
"Two poker fiends wuz playin' in thuh Prairie Dog saloon . . ."	19
"THEY PLAYED POKER IN THEM DAYS"	
"I didn't leave my hoss's back but yankin' that hacka- more." . . . . .	29
THE "TWO-GUN ROOST"	
"And when he cum on Sittin' Bull thar wuz nothin' else tuh do." . . . . .	39
CHILLED-STEEL CUSTER	
"And twenty-seven corpses marched across John Hardin's soul." . . . . .	47
JOHN WESLEY HARDIN	
"Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!" .	54
THE SONG OF A SPANISH GUITAR	
"Then with an oath he rowelled hiz hawss and rode up closer to see." . . . . .	63
THE BALLAD OF A BUCKAROO	
"I cum from a quick-trigger country. . . ."	71
WHEN BADMEN WUZ BAD	
"Lem Croll's a poker player who dealt 'em on thuh square." . . . . .	76
HONESTY BEIN' THUH BEST POLICY	
"From thuh hurricane deck o' my pinto hoss I sees thuh evenin' bars." . . . . .	80
UNDER WESTERN STARS	

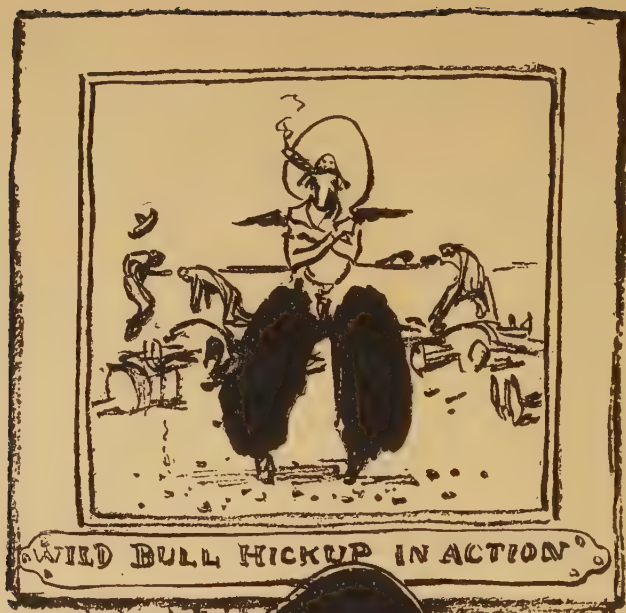


# ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
"But final' comes thuh day to us when we hears our homeland call. . . ."	87
UNDER WESTERN STARS	
"Thuh game it wuzzn't dishonest." . . . .	95
THEY WHIPSAWED THUH GREENHORN BETWEEN 'EM	
"Jesse warn't no cowboy, but he knew thuh old fron- tiers." . . . .	103
THE DEATH OF JESSE JAMES	
"What is your name, kind friend, and why?" . . .	113
ROPIN' GENEALOGIES ALONG THUH OLD FRONTIER	
"A shape in sudden silhouette ag'inst thuh Texas night." . . . .	131
BILLY THUH KID	
"'The Lone Prospector of the Snows' goes wanderin' through thuh night." . . . .	139
THE LONE PROSPECTOR OF THE SNOWS	
"All day I hear yuh cooin' in thuh silence of m' heart." . . . .	148
"YO'RE A FUNNY LEETLE FELLOW"	
"She's tall like sum slim flower, eyes soft and bluish gray." . . . .	155
MOLLY OF THE X-BAR-X	
"And he had a way in thuh moonlight of soothin' a woman's fears." . . . .	164
REGRETS	
"She learned tuh ride thuh prairie wide in split skirt and with spurs." . . . .	171
A ROSE OF THE RANGE	
"In thuh good old days a 'two-gun' draw wuz part of our eddication. . . ."	180
A SONG OF THE WEST	
". . . Redskins etched ag'inst thuh sky in silhouettes of death." . . . .	187
THE LAY OF THE LAST FRONTIER	

# The Lavender Cowboy





"HE WISHED TO FOLLOW THE HEROES  
WHO FIGHT AS THE HE-MEN DO."

# SINGING RAWHIDE

## *THE LAVENDER COWBOY*

**H**E was only a lavender cowboy,  
The hairs on his chest were two. . . .  
He wished to follow the heroes  
Who fight as the he-men do.

Yet he was inwardly troubled  
By a dream that gave no rest;  
When he read of heroes in action,  
He wanted more hair on his chest.

Herpicide, many hair-tonics  
Were rubbed in morning and night. . . .  
Still, when he looked in the mirror  
No new hair grew in sight.

He battled for "Red Nell's" honor  
Then cleaned out a hold-up nest,  
And died with his six-guns smoking. . . .  
But only two hairs on his chest.





# “They Played Poker in Them Days”





*"THEY PLAYED POKER IN THEM DAYS"*

TWO poker fiends wuz playin'  
In thuh Prairie Dog saloon,  
A battered pianner buckin', swayin',  
Under a homespun tune,  
And out in thuh street a dog wuz bayin'  
Mournful at the moon.

Lazy "One-Eye" pushed hiz chips  
Across thuh table-top;  
"Texas" fingered hiz two gun grips  
Prepared tuh git thuh drop,  
And they kept on playin' with tight-shut lips  
As though they'd never stop.

Windle polished up thuh bar,  
Shinin' thuh glasses, too. . . .  
Within thuh mirror he saw thuh scar  
Where a bullet once went through,  
And on hiz cheek like a faded star  
Thuh wound looked sorta blue.

SINGING RAWHIDE

Then suddenlike thuh door swung in,  
Thuh barkeep (since deceased)  
Saw standin' there with a sheepish grin,  
And five foot high, at least,  
With hair as red as open sin—  
A fresh kid from thuh East.

Hiz brains wuz just a hunk o' fat,  
Hiz chaps just twice hiz size;  
High heels and spurs, and a droopin' hat  
Down over starin' eyes . . .  
“Tex” took three cyards—“One-Eye” stood pat  
And lookin' old and wise.

Thuh kid waltzed in a coupla paces,  
Pulled out hiz pocketbook,  
Then stared at both thuh gamblers' faces  
With a kinda lingerin' look  
As though he'd come to thuh open spaces  
Thinkin' each guy a crook.



POKER FIENDS WUZ PLAYIN'  
THUH PRAIRIE DOG SALOON. . . ."





SINGING RAWHIDE

"Gimme a chance at thuh game of cards,  
"I'm whoopin' her up for fair;  
"I came out here where there ain't no yards  
"And there's plenty of healthy air. . . .  
"Here's a thousand bucks to start with, pards,  
"And I always gambles square."

"One-Eye" had gathered up a pile  
Of thuh different colored chips. . . .  
They'd been a-playin' quite awhile,  
And drunk their hootch in sips. . . .  
"Tex" watched hiz cyards without a smile;  
"One-Eye" he wiped hiz lips.

Red chips wuz highest. . . . "One-Eye" had *some!*  
And plenty o' blue and white.  
"Say, Windle, give us a shock o' rum,  
"We're goin' to play all night.  
" "Texas' yere, he's sorta dumb  
"But he loves a poker fight."

SINGING RAWHIDE

Each drank hiz poison with a frown,  
    "Tex" gave thuh deck a twist,  
Shuffled thuh cyards, then laid 'em down  
    With a bang of hiz heavy fist,  
And they hardly even glanced aroun'. . . .  
    The kid he didn't exist.

"Ain't you ever seen so much real dough?"  
    The kid he thought he wuz funny.  
But "Tex" he turned aroun' quite slow,  
    Remarkin': "Now look yere, sonny,  
"If yuh've got a thousand and want a show  
    "*Here's a white chip for yuhr money!*"

The Kid he looked at thuh chip awhile,  
    Hiz face a-growin' white. . . .  
I guess that game it warn't his style  
    Coss he faded outa sight. . . .  
Then "Tex" he said without a smile:  
    "We're playin' yere all night!"

## The "Two-Gun Roost"







## THE "TWO-GUN ROOST"

**T**HERE'S folks what sez that women iz thuh  
same thuh wide world over—  
I hardly knows coss I'm thuh kind that allays tuk  
tuh cover  
When ary a woman hove in sight.

Take thuh Boss's gal—a hummer!  
With eyes as soft as a willer grouse, and hair like  
Indian summer.  
Coss, I am only a buckaroo, earnin' my "forty-  
per. . . ."  
If I had thuh nerve of an outlaw hoss I'd hardly  
look at her.  
Thuh guy what wanted to break Madge in, he'd  
need a hackamore;  
A heavy split-ear headstall, too, and a double cinch  
. . . Good Lor'!  
I'd sooner tackle "Steamboat," "Old Tom," or a  
hoss like "Hammerhead,"  
Than tuh lead Madge bridled to thuh altar and hob-  
ble her while we wed.

SINGING RAWHIDE

Our Madge wuz free as a mustang, too—grown up  
without a Mother—

Her good old Dad he treated her more like he wuz  
her brother.

There warn't a thing that money could buy he didn't  
give thuh child—

No wonder she grew up bridle-free—happy and  
kinda wild.

There wuz nary one of our loyal bunch whose heart  
it wuzzn't hers—

We wuz allays givin' her new gifts—saddles and  
shinin' spurs,

Greaser blankets, horsehair fobs, silver bits, and furs.

I guess I'd be a single 'punch' hadn't it been for thuh  
drouth,

Us watchin' for thuh cattle rustlers driftin' north  
and south;

Trouble a-stirrin' from thuh heat in thuh near-by  
town of Shanks,

And thuh Rio Grande gettin' low between its muddy  
banks.

One night thuh heat seemed wuss'n ever—in Shanks  
thuh greaser bars

Were lighted up along thuh street as an insult to  
thuh stars!

I'd just come in from ridin' range when thuh Old  
Man shouted out,

So on a lope I went tuh find what he wuz howlin'  
about.

"My rheumatiz is botherin' me," he hollers from  
thuh door.

"That kid of mine she's gone ag'in and busted her  
hackamore.

"There ain't no other lads around—I guess yuh'll  
have tuh ride

"Down tuh Shanks tuh bring her back, unless thuh  
cookie lied.

"He said she forked her pinto hoss, a-streakin' like  
thuh wind,

"To that damn burg where yuh drifters has often  
as not been skinned.

"She's a restless kid . . . just like her Mother . . .  
don't care what I thinks,

"But I sure has thoughts when I remember them  
greasers full of drinks."

To say I rode ain't sayin' half . . . my hoss (I  
hates tuh brag)

But tuh see him go, an express train would kinda  
seem tuh drag.

In Shanks wuz bedlam done let loose—shots and  
sudden cries . . .

All Hell wuz here a-nestlin' down under Texas  
skies!

I sorta expected what she'd do—she told me long  
ago

She'd like to visit thuh "TWO-GUN ROOST" and  
have a look at thuh show.

I warned her—sure! But I might as well have  
spoken to the moon,

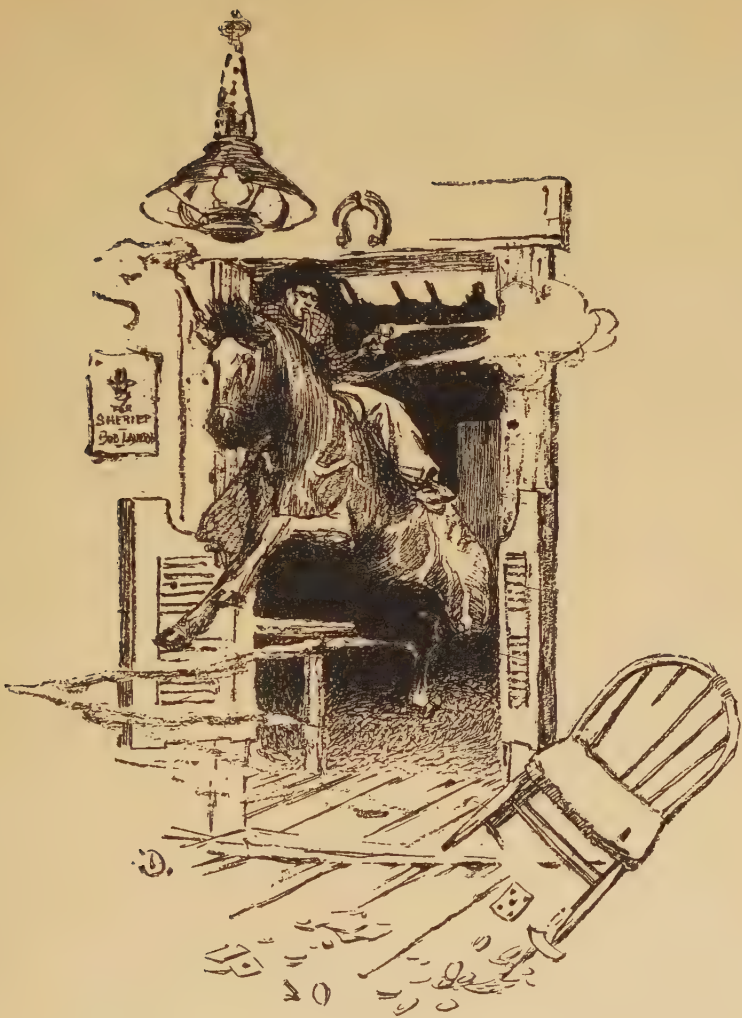
Or tried tuh ease a buckin' hoss with a sentermental  
tune.

I didn't leave my hoss's back but yankin' that hacka-  
more,

Thuh rope end in my teeth, I rode clean through  
thuh "TWO-GUN" door;

Artillery in both my hands . . . I wuz young, I  
didn't care . . .

They must 'a' thought a stampede come, for they  
went away from there!



"I DIDN'T LEAVE MY HOSS'S BACK BUT YANKIN' THAT  
HACKAMORE,  
THUH ROPE END IN MY TEETH, I RODE CLEAN THROUGH  
THUH 'TWO-GUN' DOOR."



Tables scattered right and left . . . but she wuzzn't  
anywheres,

So I turned that hoss's head around and rides him  
up thuh stairs.

As I threw my rowels intuh hiz side, I shot thuh  
oil lamps out.

(I guess by then thuh town of Shanks knew what  
'twuz all about.)

Upstairs there wuz a lot of rooms . . . and hearin'  
thuh gol-danged roar,

"Buck-eye" Hawkins comes a-runnin' to open a bed-  
room door.

We saw each other all ter once . . . we fired with-  
out thinkin'. . .

He creased my scalp . . . he'd 'a' got me, too,  
hadn't he been drinkin' . . .

I drilled him clean with a forty-five!

By this time, risin' higher,  
Exploded lamps had turned thuh "ROOST" into  
a blazin' fire.

There warn't no time to lose . . . I didn't! Madge  
lyin' on thuh floor . . .

Me grabbin' her up intuh my arms and a-racin' for  
thuh door.



No chance to get down there ag'in . . . one look  
and I could tell . . .

That honkatonk since I'd arrived wuz what it wuz—  
Plain Hell!

Poor hoss! A-rarin' back and forth . . . good pal  
of many a mile . . .

It couldn't be helped, so I shot him down with a  
sorta twisted smile.

Back to thuh window, blowin' hard . . . not a sec-  
ond more tuh spare!

I smashed thuh glass and tuk a breath of God's own  
open air.

**WE HAD TO LEAP!**

When I come to she was sittin' close beside.

"Well, Shorty," fust thing that she said, "it wuz  
near to yuhr final ride.

"A broken leg . . . a bruise or two. Yo're tough-  
er'n a desert rat."

Then she leaned close and kissed me quick.

Now what do yuh think of that!

I kept danged still (Was I scared? Not me!) but  
it's easy enough tuh hope

To snare a steer on thuh open range with a leetle  
stretch of rope;

SINGING RAWHIDE

Or head a wild stampede at night, or clean out a  
rustlin' crew . . .

But talk to **HER** when she done **THAT**!

Say, folks, I leave it tuh yuh!





Chilled-Steel Custer





## CHILLED-STEEL CUSTER

CUSTER, Chilled-Steel Custer, he wuz shot in  
Seventy-Six,  
Commander of th' "Seventh," ridin' frontier  
mavericks,  
And he loved tuh hear a .38 when its purrin' trigger  
clicks!

*Rope 'em down, cowboy,  
Yuh cain't deny th' facts,  
Thet it ain't men's words what matters  
But th' way they does and acts.  
Custer warn't no gambler  
Who filled an inside straight,  
He played th' game a-smilin'  
With thuh cyards dealt him by Fate.*

Custer, clear-eyed Custer, who would never turn and  
run,  
Who didn't stop hiz fightin' when thuh Civil War  
wuz done,  
And who never lost hiz colors or a solitary gun! \*

\* That is, he never lost his colors until the day of his death,  
when he "swapped" them for Immortality.

SINGING RAWHIDE

*Burn him clean, cowboy,  
Yo're a young and hustlin' kid. . . .  
Up in those coulées  
Is whar th' Redskins hid.  
These Black Hills of Montana  
Echoed on ev'ry side  
When Custer and thuh "Seventh"  
Met Sittin' Bull and died!*

Custer, dashin' Custer, Brevet-General, Sixty-Four,  
Then Colonel of thuh cavalry after thuh Civil War,  
And proud as any peacock o' thuh uniform he wore!

*Thet's a good job o' brandin',  
Yuh'll be a top-hand soon. . . .  
Wall! I might as weel be ridin',  
It's a gettin' on t'ard noon.  
Yep! I wuz a Scout,  
I know these dry creeks well. . . .  
I missed by one day's ridin'  
Bein' yere when Custer fell.*





"AND WHEN HE CUM ON SITTIN' BULL THAR WUZ NOTHIN'  
ELSE TUH DO."



SINGING RAWHIDE

Custer, quick-tongued Custer, but a Reg'lar soldier,  
too;

And when he cum on Sittin' Bull thar wuz nothin'  
else tuh do

But fight it out till th' last man died as a Reg'lar  
ought tuh do.

*At night in these yere Black Hills  
I stops tuh hear th' call  
Of Custer's bugle blowin'  
From canyon wall t' wall.  
And some time when I'm listenin'  
I'll close my tired eyes  
And answer Custer's roll-call  
At hiz bivouac in th' skies.*





# John Wesley Hardin





JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

*JOHN HARDIN and John Selman earned  
Their share of Western glory,  
And down in Texas kiddies cry  
Tuh hear this bedtime story.*

So long as Hardin killed hiz kind  
He forked thuh open trail,  
But when he shot a Sheriff down  
They sent him off to jail.

And when he felt thuh prison hands  
Slip from hiz stoopin' shoulder,  
He looked up at thuh sudden sky  
Feelin' strangely older.

He fingered thuh butts of hiz forty-fours  
Holstered low at hiz hips,  
And a sneer, more like a shadow, fell  
Across hiz thin, blue lips.

They'd lashed him at thuh whippin'-post  
Within those walls of stone;  
They buried Hardin in a pit  
Chained to a pump alone.

Thuh Warden turned thuh water on:—  
"He pumps it out or dies."  
But Hardin merely cursed thuh guards  
And let thuh water rise.

John Hardin shot and shot tuh kill  
And twenty-seven fell. . . .  
But he got religion and a God  
Caged in that iron Hell.

Now thuh King of Killers tried hiz hand  
Tuh see if it wuz steady,  
By clippin' coins in thuh air,  
Hiz two guns oiled and ready.

El Paso waited hiz arrival  
Like an island waits a ship,  
While Hardin ridin', right and left  
Shot rattlers from thuh hip.





"AND TWENTY-SEVEN CORPSES MARCHED  
ACROSS JOHN HARDIN'S SOUL."



SINGING RAWHIDE

John Selman, Sheriff, killer once,  
Had sworn tuh scourge tuh town  
Of all tuh honkatonks and dives  
And shoot tuh gunmen down.

John Hardin's comin' riled him up,  
But Selman held hiz peace. . . .  
He took hiz guns and soothed hiz ire  
By rubbin' 'em with grease.

John Hardin in hiz secret soul  
Knew well hiz day wuz done  
Though he practiced in hiz room  
Unholsterin' hiz gun.

Somewhere along tuh barren road  
Of all those prison years  
He'd come upon a cross that stood  
Within a mist of tears;

A Figure wrapped with golden flame  
In clouds that upward roll. . . .  
And twenty-seven corpses marched  
Across John Hardin's soul.

One night thuh gunman visited  
El Paso's lupanars,  
Then drowned hiz fear in fiery gulps  
And shouted at thuh stars.

John Selman saw him in thuh night  
Enterin' a door. . . .  
And Hardin, shot squar' in thuh back,  
Lay on thuh sawdust floor.

They didn't waste a lot of time  
Or go tuh great expense,  
The jury brought its verdict in:—  
"He shot in self-defense."

Now Selman havin' killed thuh killer  
Wuz famous far and wide;  
But thar were those who coveted  
Thuh glory of hiz hide.

Scarborough once had argued long  
Tuh earn thuh precious right  
Of trackin' Hardin through thuh dust  
And shootin' him on sight.

SINGING RAWHIDE

"He murdered him," Scarborough sneered,  
And it irked thuh Sheriff's pride. . . .  
El Paso listened but held its tongue  
Knowin' how Hardin died.

Scarborough, challenged, said back tuh back  
Would soothe hiz shootin' ire,  
And walkin', at thuh count of ten  
They'd draw and wheel and fire.

Scarborough and John Selman smiled  
When offered a cheerin' bolster. . . .  
At thuh count of ten John Selman's hand  
*Fell on an empty holster.*

Who stole hiz gun is a mystery. . . .  
Of course Scarborough shot  
Not knowin' Selman wuz unarmed  
And killed him on thuh spot.

*John Hardin and John Selman earned  
Their share of Western glory,  
And down in Texas kiddies cry  
Tuh hear this bedtime story.*



# The Song of a Spanish Guitar





"STRUM TE TUM, TING A LING, PLUNK A PLUNK, ZING!  
ON THUH RANGE I RULED LIKE A CZAR,  
YET DOWN IN THE SOUTH THEY FOAMED AT THUH  
MOUTH  
IF I PLUCKED AT MY SPANISH GUITAR."



## THE SONG OF A SPANISH GUITAR

**S**TRUM *te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*  
The Spaniards they woo from afar,  
I rope 'em and tie 'em, oggle and eye 'em  
When I play on my Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*  
On thuh range I ruled like a Czar,  
Yet down in the South they foamed at thuh mouth  
If I plucked at my Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*  
I met her one day by El Mar  
Where thuh waves of thuh sea wafted romance tuh  
me;  
And I wooed on my Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*  
She wuz cold as thuh cold Polar star  
But she fell for my stuff though it wuzn't so rough  
As thuh songs on my Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*

One night in thuh square of Solar  
I met a dame sweeter than that *Señorita*  
Who danced as I stroked my guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*

She wuz jealous like most women are  
And I like a fool hadn't learned this at school  
When I studied thuh Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*

At thuh door of the Rondo Bazaar  
She pulled a sharp dagger . . . that dame made me  
stagger. . . .  
And I sat on my Spanish guitar.

*Strum te tum, ting a ling, plunk a plunk, zing!*

Near my heart is a long livid scar. . . .  
For yuh sure risk yuhr life with another man's wife  
When yuh play on yuhr Spanish guitar.

The Ballad of a Buckaroo



And for thuh fust time just afore he fell thar wuz  
 fear in thuh "Tiger's" eyes.  
 "Tiger" became a two-gun shark down in thuh  
 depths of Hell,  
 But thuh "Kid" only saw his twisted body crumple  
 up as it fell.

## II

Wally thuh "Kid" made for a town known fer its  
 breeds and bars,  
 Where they sizzled and scrapped in thuh Border  
 Heat, and slept out under thuh stars.  
 At a honkatonk where "Highlong Red" dispensed  
 his pizened brew,  
 The "Kid" breezed in with his wad o' dough fer  
 want of a drink er two.  
 They wuz playin' stud an' craps an' draw, roulette  
 an' Mexican Pete;  
 A girl wuz dancin' wearily on tired and achin' feet.  
 When she'd finished she glimpsed thuh "Kid," and  
 he ordered a coupla drinks,  
 Remarkin': "Sister, why do yuh work in this House  
 of a Thousand Stinks?"

She wuz used ter tellin' wonderful tales in answer  
to questions like this,  
So she told her story, then put up her mouth for  
Wally thuh "Kid" tuh kiss.

## III

There wuz long, long talks they had, those two—  
there's an awful lot tuh tell  
When lovers meet no matter where, this side of  
*Heaven or Hell.*  
One day thuh girl she happened tuh fall in thuh dry  
bed of a creek,  
He picked her up and held her close, and they  
hardly dared tuh speak.  
She fingered a locket that hung on a chain, thuh  
"Kid" he asked her why,  
Then she touched a spring and it opened up, and she  
suddenly started tuh cry.

Wally shrieked behind hiz teeth. . . . "My hus-  
band," she said unstrung;  
"Left me yere with 'Highlong Red' . . . we mar-  
ried when we wuz young. . . ."  
"Thuh man I killed," thought Wally thuh "Kid."  
"It's hiz Widder what's standin' yere."



## *THE BALLAD OF A BUCKAROO*

### I

**T**WO shots that split thuh desert silence . . . .  
two fingers of fire that swirled  
In smoke close down where horizon stars shone at  
thuh edge of thuh world. . . .  
Over thuh rim of a dry arroyo, through thuh streets  
of a frontier town,  
Thuh echoes thundered, rose and fell, then suddenly  
dwindled down.  
'Twas a wicked "rep" for drawin' his gun that Tony  
thuh "Tiger" had—  
Shade faster than a rattler's strike; even quicker  
when he wuz mad.  
But Wally thuh "Kid" had a trick er two, kinda  
good as such tricks run. . . .  
In thuh moment he saw thuh "Tiger" draw, thuh  
"Tiger" saw his gun  
Palmed and ready and shootin' too beneath thuh  
Western skies;

He felt a hollow in hiz heart—a blandin' of pity  
 and fear.  
 He put one hand beneath her chin, liftin' her tear-  
 stained face,  
 Peerin' down in her tender eyes, where he visioned a  
 wonderful place:  
 Just a leetle ranch and his brand well known on  
 thuh flanks of some short-horn steers . . .  
 Then it faded away coss thuh mists came down (he  
 wuz ashamed to call 'em tears).  
 "Jes' wait fer me, I'll return ag'in." He forked  
 hiz hawss's back  
 And holdin' hiz course by thuh stars in thuh sky he  
 tuk thuh Northern track.

## IV

He warn't muscle-bound behind hiz yeres, nor  
 wooden above thuh neck,  
 But he wazn't used tuh ropin' romance from a  
 hawss's upper deck.  
 He wuz worried cons'd'ble ridin' erlong, thinkin' o'  
 this and that,  
 Now and ag'in he'd cuss a mite and yank at hiz  
 Stetson hat.





"THEN WITH AN OATH HE ROWELLED HIZ HAWSS AND  
RODE UP CLOSER TO SEE,  
THAR WUZ THUH 'TIGER'S' BODY SWINGIN' UNDER A WIND-  
SWEPT TREE."



Sudden he stopped at a twist in thuh trail, starin' up  
 at a hill,  
 And thuh range fer miles and miles around wuz  
 God-awful quiet and still. . . .  
 Then with an oath he rowelled hiz hawss and rode  
 up closer tuh see. . . .  
 Thar wuz thuh "Tiger's" body swingin' under a  
 wind-swept tree.  
 On hiz coat wuz a placard thuh lynch-ers had  
 scratched:

<p>TAKE WARNIN' RUSTLERS ALL:          THIS WISE GUY REACHED THUH END          OF HIZ ROPE, AND WISE GUYS ALLUS          FALL.</p>
--

Thuh "Kid" he tried tuh whistle a tune, then spurred  
 hiz hawss tuh a lope,  
 Thinkin' of how hiz aim had been pore—and thuh  
 thing at thuh end of a rope.  
 He wuz happy-go-lucky, thuh "Kid," he wuz, so he  
 left hiz sorrer behind,  
 Lettin' a picture of a *Widder* he knew completely  
 fill hiz mind—

## V

There's a white-haired rancher, a silver-haired wife,  
some steers and a pack of dogs,  
What lives on a holdin' as big as a county in a  
castle they built out er logs.  
And now and ag'in when he's sold hiz cattle, and  
he's feelin' kinda glad  
He'll sit by the fire and perch on hiz knee hiz  
daughter's youngest lad.  
And tell this tale of hiz early days, and tell it  
with humor, too,  
Of thuh time he cum down tuh Texas fust, an Ore-  
gon buckaroo.  
Hiz wife'll lean over and give him a kiss, then she'll  
sorta hesitate,  
Final' remarkin': "We all need sleep—Wally, it's  
gettin' late."

# When Badmen Wuz Bad





*WHEN BADMEN WUZ BAD*

**I**N them early days shootin' a man  
Wuz somethin' easier by far  
Than passin' the lie to a stranger,  
Or refusin' a drink at the bar,  
And the gents who did are reposin'  
Whar the rest of the dead ones are.

In Double Spur City the badmen  
Wuz known for their gun-fannin' terror,  
But in all that lawless dominion  
There warn't no gents that wuz squarer. . . .  
They'd remark when a guy cashed in:  
"He died through a social error."

In a "heeche house" one evenin'  
A leetle quick shootin' wuz done,  
There warn't no argyment either  
For this siwash spirit of fun. . . .  
As usual two guys with a grievance  
Settled their debts with a gun.

SINGING RAWHIDE

At the bar we didn't stop yawpin',  
Or drinkin' the pizenous stuff,  
The bartender singin' a tune  
In a voice that wuz sawed-off and rough. . . .  
I tell yuh, that crowd at the "Palace"  
Wuz kindly but God-awful tough.

Then sudden a sound of a hawss;  
"Whoa, boy!" in a deep-throated roar,  
And some of the boys playin' poker  
Seemed peevish and kinda sore  
When a Stranger from nowhar in partikler,  
Waltzed in on the sawdust floor.

Hiz whiskers looked like they wuz sagebrush,  
The barkeep teased him for fun,  
But hiz words no sooner wuz uttered  
Than he looked down a blue-barreled gun,  
And he paid with hiz life bein' funny  
Afore it wuz finished and done.

Now we didn't mind gents shootin' fancy  
For callin' each other a liar,  
But killin' the barkeep so sudden  
Wuz somethin' we didn't admire,  
For he wuz a laborer sartain,  
As the Bible sez, worthy hiz hire.





"I CUM FROM A QUICK-TRIGGER COUNTRY. . . ."



SINGING RAWHIDE

However, there warn't no objectin'  
For the Stranger had plenty o' gall,  
With a nerve like Billy the Kid  
He lined us all up at the wall,  
*And sudden I noted thet Stranger*  
*Wuz big and uncommonly tall!*

He pulled out a Montana rattler  
Pattin' that sidewinder's head.  
"Thuh purr of this pet iz sweet music  
"In thuh place whar I cum frum," he sed,  
And he nestled thet snake in hiz pocket  
As though puttin' a baby tuh bed.

Then one of our gang got nervous,  
Askin' this guy on a dare:  
"Say, Stranger, *whar* do yuh cum from?"  
Then the Stranger he said with an air:  
"I cum from a quick-trigger country. . . .  
"They call me a cake-eater there."

SINGING RAWHIDE

There warn't no words at the "Palace"  
In reply to this cake-eatin' gent,  
So he holstered hiz gun kinda sneerin',  
Then bowed sarcastic, and went. . . .  
If he hadn't busted our courage  
Leastways it wuz badly bent.



Honesty Bein' Thuh Best Policy





"LEM CROLL'S A POKER PLAYER  
WHO DEALT 'EM ON THUH SQUARE."

*HONESTY BEIN' THUH BEST POLICY*

**L**EM CROLL'S a poker player  
Who dealt 'em on thuh square,  
He'd sit up till the mawnin'  
At stud or solitaire.

He had a trigger temper  
Easily overheated. . . .  
And Lem would often boast  
He'd kill the man whut cheated.

The Buckhorn Bar would sizzle  
In the Yuma Desert heat,  
While shouts and singin' mingled  
Along thuh dusty street.

Lem Croll he'd play his cyards  
A-gatherin' in thuh chips,  
His hands sometimes a-strayin'  
To thuh holsters at his hips.

But he didn't have tuh argue  
Tuh bolster up his pride,  
In Boothill thar wuz restin'  
Thuh ones who did . . . and died.

Lem Croll he ruled thuh roost  
In Rawhide Fork fer years  
Till hair and whiskers whitened  
Around his piebald ears.

One night the Buckhorn Bar  
Had quite a festive air,  
Though Lem he sits alone  
A-playin' solitaire.

Sudden his face grows dark,  
He calls to some old pards:—  
"I've caught meself a-cheatin'  
"Playin' these yere cyards."

And in thuh splutterin' light  
From thuh lamp upon thuh shelf  
He draws his forty-four  
And calmly kills hisself.



# Under Western Stars





"FROM THUH HURRICANE DECK O' MY PINTO HOSS I SEES  
THUH EVENIN' BARS  
DROP LIKE THUH GATE OF A CORRAL FENCE TUH LET  
OUT A HERD O' STARS."

## UNDER WESTERN STARS

### I

FROM tuh hurricane deck o' my pinto hoss I  
sees tuh evenin' bars

Drop like tuh gate of a corral fence tuh let out a  
herd o' stars;

A kiyote lifts hiz mournful voice in a clump of dark  
mesquite,

And a breeze is whisperin' in tuh night like tuh  
patter o' baby feet. . . .

So I made up my camp, and fed my hoss, then wolfed  
my usual chuck,

And wuz sittin' playin' poker hands tuh test my  
streak o' luck.

But tuh West is queer—it was quiet-like and I  
wuzn't expectin' trouble

When Old Man Fate comes fannin' th' wind, and  
he sure wuz ridin' double!

My pinto hoss wuz wanderin' free, but a whistle  
brought him back;

## SINGING RAWHIDE

I'd forked him too when I heerd ag'in that echoin'  
rifle crack. . . .

Then a shriek that cut thuh silence, then a silence  
that followed thuh shriek,

*But I thought I heerd a hoss's hoofs in thuh dry bed  
of a creek.*

My pinto laid his yeres well back—he hardly  
touched thuh ground—

And we went we two like a streak o' light to investi-  
gate thuh sound.

But thuh thing that struck me kinda queer wuz thuh  
way thuh kiyote's moan

Had *stopped*. . . . And say, cuttin' through thuh  
prairie night I *suddenly felt alone!*

## II

My pinto stumbled and almost fell, but I yanked  
him tuh hiz feet

And thuh hummin' o' hiz hoofs ag'in certainly  
listened sweet.

I happened tuh look tuh thuh right o' me—on thuh  
top of a leetle rise

I saw two shadows on a hoss a-ridin' ag'inst thuh  
skies.

They didn't know I wuz trailin' 'em—and truth t'  
tell, I wonder,

Why I'd come a-buttin' in . . . but jest then,  
bucklin' under

I saw 'em tumble in a heap . . . and when I reached  
them two

I wouldn't be able tuh say as which I'd ridden or I'd  
flew.

A gal wuz lyin' on thuh ground, face buried in thuh  
dirt—

By thuh fact she didn't make a sound I knowed she  
must be hurt.

Off tuh thuh side, legs crumpled up under thuh hoss's  
belly

Wuz a guy whose head lay on a rock like a pasty  
hunk o' jelly.

There warn't no use in botherin' *him*, but thuh gal  
needed 'tendin' to,

Though thuh roughest kinda docterin' is enough for  
a buckaroo.

## III

I patched her up as best I could, and when she  
opened her eyes  
I thought for a moment I wuz seein' ag'in a sunset  
in thuh skies.  
Lucky, it wuzzn't serious—a bruise and a broken  
wrist,  
And a ankle that in thuh tumble had gotten a nasty  
twist.  
She wandered a bit in talkin' tuh me, but here and  
there a word  
Gave me a clue she'd been born and raised with  
folks who ride thuh herd. . . .  
Sometime afore a buckaroo—thuh one beneath thuh  
hoss—  
Had forked his cayuse and stolen away with thuh  
daughter of thuh Boss.  
“I wudn't 'a' minded,” she managed tuh say, “but he  
tried tuh give me thuh sack,  
“And cut me with a greaser whip when I asked him  
tuh take me back.  
“Then he sold me tuh a honkatonk, but I ran away  
that night—”

She kinda gasped and looked at me, her face all set  
and white.

Say! she wuz game—no doubtin' that—but in just  
a leetle while

I had her restin' easy ag'in—and she paid me with  
a smile.

## IV

When thuh mawnin' came she dropped asleep, my  
blankets keepin' her warm. . . .

I sat there watchin' her pretty head she had cradled  
in her arm—

I had barely enough supplies for one, let alone thuh  
grub fer two,

But I looked out over the miles o' desert and I knew  
they'd have tuh do!

My mind got racin', thinkin' things, when she woke  
and then sat up—

I give her a drink o' brackish water out o' a battered  
cup—

She told me more of her story, too—how he'd fol-  
lowed her in her flight,

Winged her hoss and brought her down in thuh  
lonely prairie night.

"I can't return," she cried, "I can't! I only wanted  
a place

"In thuh desert to bury my memories and hide my  
tearful face."

I tuk a leetle liberty and petted her—you fellows  
know—

With none o' that cheap advice that ends in thuh  
usual "I told yer so."

I ain't no preacher—and then ag'in—the joke wuz  
sure on me—

For I wuz ridin' away from thuh law, a-lookin' fer  
liberty.

## V

Thuh days went on! She mended up and we kept  
down outa sight—

Sleepin' by day in some deep coulée, and ridin' south  
by night.

We hadn't no plans—we didn't talk—I don't know  
how it started,

But somehow we larned we'd be right unhappy if  
ever we wuz parted!

Across thuh border we settled down—tuk diff'rent  
names—forgot





"BUT FINAL' COMES THUH DAY TO US WHEN WE HEARS  
OUR HOMELAND CALL. . . ."



Our pasts in earnin' our way in a land that knowed  
us not.

A revolution—strikin' oil—one leetle kid—that's  
all—

But final' comes thuh day to us when we hears our  
homeland call. . . .

When we returned thuh sheriff wuz there—"One-  
Armed Gopher" Bill—

And thuh warrant he'd sworn out two years back  
wuz in his pocket still.

But when he larned who Mary wuz and saw our  
baby son—

Say folks! I gits choked up a bit when I remembers  
what he done.

He got thuh owner of that hoss—and the owner  
boilin' mad

Came intuh thuh jail and started tuh cuss . . . then  
he saw my leetle lad—

Slowed up a bit, then stopped entire, his chin a-  
hangin' down,

For his daughter Mary in thuh doorway stood  
wearin' her Mother's gown.

A sight tuh see! He tuk my hand—it healed a hun-  
dred scars—

And I breathed a prayer for thuh wife I'd found out  
under Western stars.



They Whipsawed Thuh  
Greenhorn Between 'Em





*THEY WHIPSAWED THUH GREENHORN  
BETWEEN 'EM*

**T**HEY whipsawed thuh greenhorn between  
'em

At thuh well-known game of cyards  
That goes by thuh name of draw poker,  
Thuh youngster and two old pards.

It wuz easy as takin' away candy  
From an infant dyin' of flu,  
For thar warn't a trick with thuh cyardboards  
Those birds were unable tuh do.

Thuh game it wuzzn't dishonest,  
But they gathered hiz last lonely buck  
And when thuh train pulled into "'Frisco"  
He left 'em, cussin' hiz luck.

Next mawnin' while sittin' and smokin'  
With their winnin's spread out on thuh bed,  
Intuh their hotel a-bustin'  
Comes thuh youngster they'd trimmed, seein' red.

SINGING RAWHIDE

“That dinero I lost at draw poker,”  
He shouted wavin’ a gat,  
“Is some cash whut I stole from thuh bank  
“And it leaves me busted and flat.

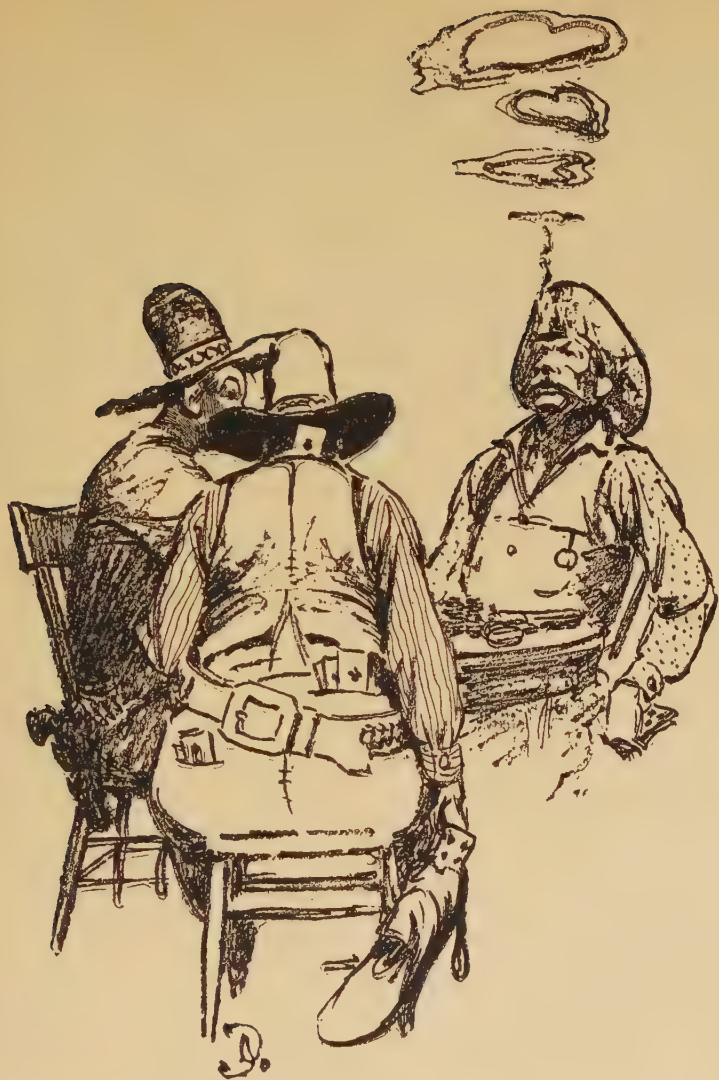
“I went to my Father this mawnin’  
“Unburdenin’ ev’ry detail  
“And he said he would fork over half  
“Tuh keep me from goin’ tuh jail.

“If yuh’ll give me thuh balance it’s settled. . . .”  
And he nervously fingered hiz gun,  
But “Rawhide” he up and he biffed him,  
Then kicked him downstairs for thuh fun.

Hiz pardner, Zad Parsons, said nothin’,  
Preferrin’ tuh sit thar and think,  
But he wakened up pronto when “Rawhide”  
Returned and yawped for a drink.

Years later down South in Kentucky  
This youngster meets “Rawhide” ag’in;  
He sidled up kinda respectful  
And asked with a sort of a grin:





"THUH GAME IT WUZZN'T DISHONEST,  
BUT THEY GATHERED HIZ LAST LONELY BUCK."



SINGING RAWHIDE

“Say, Mister, I’m dyin’ tuh know  
“How yuh had thuh courage tuh squawk  
“When I went tuh yore room with a gun  
“Fresh loaded tuh back up my talk?”

Old “Rawhide” he said kinda slow-like,  
Strokin’ hiz long moustache:  
“I could see yuh wuz only a piker  
“When yuh asked for a half of thuh cash.”



# The Death of Jesse James





## THE DEATH OF JESSE JAMES

JESSE wuz a bandit, yeh! and a two-gun guy;  
He'd hold up a train with a twinkle in hiz eye,  
And hiz best pard killed him, like a coward on thuh  
sly.

*Take up yore dallies,  
Rope yore mavericks,  
It's a damn pore cowboy  
What don't know hiz tricks.*

Jesse warn't no cowboy, but he knew thuh old  
frontiers;  
He'd rob a money-lender and he'd soothe a widder's  
tears,  
And he's got 'er reppertation that'll last a million  
years.

*Gather 'round the campfire,  
Mend yore hackamore,  
I likes ter talk on Jesse  
And the old Civil War.*

Jesse and hiz brother Frank wuz guerrillas to thuh  
bone,  
When thuh War wuz over they tried tuh carry it on  
alone,  
And they purty near succeeded if thuh truth wuz  
only known.

*I'm an ancient top-hand now,  
I wuz only a youngster then,  
But I'm here ter tell thuh world  
In them days, men wuz men.*

At Paso Robel Jesse James met hiz brother Frank  
Restin' after makin' a raid on thuh Russellville  
bank. . . .  
Jesse, handsome Jesse James; hiz brother lean and  
lank.

*They'd lost old Ollie Shepherd,  
One o' Quantrell's trusty souls,  
Who'd died rather'n surrender,  
Full o' bullet holes.*





"JESSE WARN'T NO COWBOY, BUT HE KNEW THUH OLD  
FRONTIERS."



In California Jesse lived thuh narrow and thuh  
straight,  
But he had a lot 'er enemies who followed him with  
hate,  
And when he'd robbed the Gallatin, Lor', it wuz too  
late.

*I don't like idle prattle,  
Advice ain't in my line,  
But I thank thuh stars above me  
Bob Ford's soul ain't mine.*

Ford followed Jesse James to thuh place where he  
wuz hid,  
Like Judas sellin' out hiz God he wuz bought for  
thuh highest bid;  
And he shot him in thuh back, leavin' a widder and  
a kid.

*Up there in thuh starry heaven  
Before thuh mighty Lord  
I'd rather be in Jesse's shoes  
Than in those of Robert Ford.*



Ropin' Genealogies Along  
Thuh Old Frontier





## *ROPIN' GENEALOGIES ALONG THUH OLD FRONTIER*

Owen P. White says in his book, "Them Was the Days," that: "It was not considered as absolutely essential to any man's standing in (Western) society that he have either a Father or a Mother. In fact, a man's pedigree in the Southwest in the eighties and nineties was more of a liability than an asset. It was generally presumed, of course, that every man had been born of two parents, but as any reference to anybody's ancestry was generally couched in such uncomplimentary language that a killing became immediately necessary, very little, if any, investigation along genealogical lines was ever indulged in."

**I**T wuz blazin' hot and I don't mean maybe when  
Joe asked Steve for fun:  
"Have yuh got some toast in yuhr trouser pocket,  
yuh lazy son-of-a-gun?"

“For why?” asked Steve in a plaintive way, thumbs  
hooked in his calfskin vest.  
“Wal,” answered Joe, “I’m a poached egg, son, and  
I wants a place tuh rest.”

While Joe wuz dodgin’ Stevie’s fists and thuh crowd  
wuz shoutin’ its glee  
Thar appeared an old maid on the northwest edge  
of latitude eighty-three.  
Her face wuz a map in high relief, showin’ winter  
had done her wrong. . . .  
She’d skipped over spring and summer and fall; her  
face it wuz lean and long.

She wore those mittens thuh fingers stick through;  
her hands they wuz knotted and worn.  
She stood surveyin’ thet Rawhide crowd with a most  
contemptu’s scorn.  
Joe spoke in sneakin’ confidence: “Gosh! she’s lookin’  
at me.  
“If they sent her yere by thuh fast express I hope  
she ain’t C.O.D.”



SINGING RAWHIDE

She's gazin' at them through fancy specs perched on  
the end of a stick,

And she takes out a paper, examines it close, then  
speaks out nervous and quick.

"I'm a genealogical student," sez she. "I came out  
here to find

"The actual names and the histories you men have  
left behind."

If yuh've ever been in a honkatonk and thuh noise is  
flyin' high,

Thuh gents exchangin' drinks and yarns, when some-  
one sez: "Yuh lie!"

Yuh'd have some idee of thuh silence greetin' what  
she said. . . .

If she hadn't been a woman we'd a-filled her full of  
lead.

Joe's gallant with the gals, he iz, so when it seems  
as though

We'd never crack thet atmosphere, he speaks out,  
bowin' low:

"In Rawhide, M'am, it's etikette tuh be jest what  
yuh be,

"Tharfore we ain't been hankerin' much for  
ge-ner-ol-o-gy."

Thet lady riz ten inches higher, lookin' through her  
specs.

She made 'em rub their stubby beards and scratch  
their sunburnt necks.

Steve kinda sidled by head down as though tuh  
reach thuh door

When she ups suddenly and sez: "What are you  
leaving for?"

"What is your name, kind friend, and why?" "I'm  
like thuh mule," sez he:

"No pride of parents and no hope of immortality."  
She bristled up like a porkypine and backin' tuh  
thuh door

Quick as a flash they caught thuh sight of a shinin'  
forty-four.

With steady hands she loosens up a long black cloak  
she had

And yuh could see by thuh way she moved thet she  
wuz whoopin' mad.

"Now, Sir!" she sez, addressin' Steve. "A man, it  
seems to me,

"Who had a Mother once should study genealogy."



"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, KIND FRIEND, AND WHY?"  
"I'M LIKE THUH MULE," SEZ HE.



SINGING RAWHIDE

Now Stevie hadn't giv hiz name and none would  
dare tuh ask

Onless it happened they'd imbibed too deeply from  
a flask.

He stuttered, turned magenta hue, then sed arter  
awhile:

"Muh name iz Thom'son. . . . Boston born. . . .  
I wuz an only chile.

"Muh parents died when I wuz young. . . . Once  
Horace Greeley said:

" 'Go West, young man,' but he had died, so I went  
tuh jail instead.

"When I wuz freed thar warn't nowhere fer me tuh  
go but yere

"Whar ev'ry man's an equal, M'am, along thuh  
great Frontier."

Thuh old maid hesitated some: "You spoke out  
honest, sir. . . .

"Let's save our time. . . . I'm looking up the name  
of Bannister."

Each man in thet thar honkatonk and all thuh gals  
ez well

Looked blank in one another's faces wonderin' who  
would tell.

One of thuh gals named Margaret had moved 'round  
 near thuh door  
 And suddenly she screams and grabs thuh old maid's  
 forty-four.  
 Like wildcats tusslin' back and forth them women  
 clawed and scratched. . . .  
 Yuh'd think for sure some bird of hell had laid two  
 eggs that hatched.

Then suddenly thuh old maid's dress wuz ripped  
 clean off her back. . . .  
 We turns in shame, but Margaret she hands her  
 smack for smack,  
 A-yellin': "Boys, looks at them pants." We does  
 and sure enuf  
 It only wuz a man disguised and puttin' up a bluff.

In jest a jiffy he wuz stripped of ev'ry gew and gaw,  
 A-sittin' silent in a chair a-waitin' Frontier law.  
 Soon Margaret she got her breath. "I doubted when  
 he spoke,  
 "But I knew he warn't no woman when he opened  
 up hiz cloak.

*"Coss a woman sews her buttons on the left side not  
thuh right.*

"And he fumbled kinda foolish like . . . hiz  
clothes wuz awful tight."

They stood thar gapin' at thuh fellow sittin' in thuh  
chair,

For consternation sure had come and settled ev'ry-  
where.

Now onexpected come a voice out of thuh crowd  
thet stood

All silent in thuh honkatonk, some of 'em knockin'  
wood.

"I am thuh Bannister whut this yere scoundrel's  
lookin' for."

And sech a bum ez never wuz sneaks out across thuh  
floor.

Long whiskers full of alkali . . . so thin in hiz  
ragged coat

He might 'a' fell down through a flute and never  
struck a note.

"This yere's my younger brother John, a good-for-  
nothin' cuss."

And thuh fellow in thuh chair starts sw'aring rich  
and gener'us.

"John warn't no earthly good a-tall," thuh desert rat  
goes on;

"He pizened Dad ag'in me when he knowed thet I  
wuz gone,

"A-sayin' I hed stole some cash whut he himself hed  
took

"And brandin' me whar I come from a measly  
sneakin' crook.

"Two weeks ago I found a paper sayin' Dad hed  
died. . . ."

Announcin' this, thuh desert rat stood blazin' up in  
pride.

"So I suspects he'd fork a train, believin' I wuz yere

"Content tuh find myself ag'in along the wide  
Frontier.

"He's jest a rattler, gents, whut strikes afore yuh  
gits a chance.

"But I have figgered out a plan to make thuh coyote  
dance.

"Pick out an empty room close by and in thuh dark  
we'll fight

"With one good Bowie knife apiece and God will  
say who's right."



SINGING RAWHIDE

Thuh brother in thuh chair turned pale, hiz beady  
eyes aglitter,

Fear soundin' deep within hiz throat like a bird's  
excited twitter.

"Aw, fellers," he begins tuh moan, "it's only suicide.

"I'd ruther have yuh shoot me yere in this chair whar  
I'm tied."

Old Steve breaks in: "It's fair enuf. Here iz muh  
Bowie knife.

"I'm sure thar's someone else who'll help this rattler  
guard hiz life."

'Bout twenty blades a-sudden glittered in thuh  
smoky light. . . .

In Rawhide thar warn't one I guess whut didn't love  
a fight.

Especial' if thuh gents consarned had grievances tuh  
settle

And meetin' man tuh man alone would prove their  
fightin' mettle.

The barkeep led thuh brothers tuh a room behind  
thuh bar

While thuh Sheriff buttoned up hiz coat a-hidin' of  
hiz star.

SINGING RAWHIDE

"Now fight 'er out," Steve bellows loud, "and may  
thuh best man win.

"Until yuh knocks or calls for help we won't come  
buttin' in."

One brother cringin', whimperin'-like . . . thuh  
other peeved and sore. . . .

Went intuh thet thar pitch-dark room and Stevie  
locked thuh door.

"Thuh drinks iz on thuh house this time," announces  
thuh barkeep then.

"Impartial, we will toast them two in hopes they  
fights like men."

Yet no one spoke, jest shuffled 'round upon thuh  
sawdust floor

A-listenin' for a sound tuh come beyond thet silent  
door.

Thuh first ten minutes warn't so bad . . . they  
simply holds their breath

A-wonderin' what iz happenin' thar within thet room  
of death.

But twenty . . . thirty . . . minutes passed . . .  
forty . . . forty-five. . . .

And Stevie turns tuh Joe and asks: "Iz nary one  
alive?"

Joe shook hiz head indignant-like: "Good Lor'!  
How come I'd know?"

Thuh barkeep treated once ag'in, but they held their  
voices low. . . .

Ten minutes . . . twenty . . . thirty odd . . .  
and then one hour more. . . .

Joe sneaks up kinda quiet-like and listens at thuh  
door.

"Thar ain't a sound inside," he sez; "I'm goin' in  
tuh see."

And with them words he reaches out and quickly  
turns thuh key. . . .

No sound from thet thar hole of night. . . . "Bring  
me some sorta light!"

They does . . . and in he goes alone . . . thuh  
others cold with fright. . . .

"Come in!" he yells. "They're both cold dead."  
A-pushin' through thuh door

They seaz thuh brothers side by each a-lyin' on thuh  
floor.

Joe bends down close, thuh light in hand. "Say, this  
one's breathin' low. . . ."

They lifts him up, but Stevie whispers: "Careful,  
take him slow.

SINGING RAWHIDE

“He’s killed thuh brother from thuh East . . . but  
he got hiz ez well. . . .

“They must ’a’ fought without a word . . . two  
hounds straight out of Hell. . . .

“Jest lay him on thuh table thar . . . go git thuh  
sawbones quick . . .”

He tuk a month tuh come around, but good health  
did thuh trick.

This feller Bannister went back and claimed thuh  
family plate;

Then he returns and buys a ranch big as an Eastern  
State.

Yep! he’s thuh Governor, and smart . . . say,  
Stranger, watch yuhr step. . . .

He’s honest as thuh day iz long and jealous of hiz  
“rep.”

Joe runs hiz “Double Circle” Ranch and Stevie owns  
thuh store

Whar once thar stood thuh honkatonk with bar and  
sawdust floor.

Jest look at Main Street stretchin’ out. We paved  
her down last year.

We celebrates with round-ups now. Thar ain’t no  
more Frontier.

SINGING RAWHIDE

Sure! now and then we hankers some tuh hear thuh  
rifles crack,

But Progress don't respect men none; thar ain't no  
turnin' back.

Thar's still a billion acres, son, a-stretchin' mile on  
mile

A-waitin' for thuh man with guts who wants tuh  
make hiz pile.





# Billy Thuh Kid







## BILLY THUH KID

*Famous gunman who after killing twenty-one  
men died at the age of twenty-one.*

**I**N Lincoln County—a paradise  
Of them outside thuh law—  
Two cattle factions waged a war  
That ended in a draw  
Till Billy and a pard rode in,  
Young and trigger raw.

John Chisum claimed thuh range he rode  
Clear tuh thuh Texas line,  
And Pecos Valley hummed like bees  
With dronin' bullet whine,  
For Texas still waged war alone  
Back in '79.

Thuh Dolan-Murphy faction swore  
They owned thuh same estate  
And so through Lincoln County rode  
Two gangs of greed and hate  
Without allegiance to a God,  
Honor, creed or state.

SINGING RAWHIDE

Thuh Kid wuz cold and arrogant,  
He'd ride a good hawss lame,  
He played and sang, he shot tuh kill,  
He loved a poker game,  
But when Miz Maxwell smiled on him  
Thuh Kid grew limp and tame.

In McSween's house he played one night  
Old-fashioned melodies,  
Thuh building in a roar of flame  
Fanned by a Texas breeze,  
Then shot hiz way tuh freedom through  
A ring of enemies.

But Garrett captured him at last,  
And shackled tuh hiz side  
Thuh Kid wuz sentenced by a Judge  
Tuh hang until he died,  
But Billy he jest cursed thuh Law,  
Unbroken in hiz pride.

Two guards sat in thuh room with him,  
They thought no moves were missed,  
But Billy with hiz bitin' tongue

SINGING RAWHIDE

Made 'em writhe and twist,  
And unseen quietly removed  
A handcuff from hiz wrist.

Like a rattlesnake hiz irons clanked  
Across thuh courthouse floor,  
And Bell thuh guard turned at thuh sound  
And rushed tuh bar thuh door,  
But Billy brought hiz handcuffs down  
And Bell he knew no more.

Bell's holster yielded up its gun  
And Billy shot tuh kill  
And Ollinger, thuh other guard,  
Lay stiff and cold and still,  
While Billy reached thuh courthouse roof  
Across a windowsill.

"Saddle a hawss," he thundered forth  
Tuh thuh gang a-crowdin' near,  
And saddle a pinto hawss they did  
Givin' a rousin' cheer,  
But Billy left hiz dust behind,  
Hiz mouth set in a sneer.

SINGING RAWHIDE

But love became hiz reckonin';  
Fort Sumner whar he died;  
For thuh lover tuh hiz lady went  
As fast as he could ride  
So he could be with her at night  
And in thuh daytime hide.

Pat Garrett knew of Billy's love,  
A-followin' on hiz track  
And one night when thuh lovers met  
He sneaked in Billy's shack  
Tuh hide within thuh darkness thar  
Until thuh Kid came back.

*Is that thuh wind in thuh sparse grass  
Beyond thuh open door,  
Or is it Garrett's foot that scrapes  
Across thuh cabin floor,  
Waitin' like Death tuh add a notch  
On hiz heavy forty-four?*



"A SHAPE IN SUDDEN SILHOUETTE  
AG'INST THUH TEXAS NIGHT."



SINGING RAWHIDE

*A shape in sudden silhouette  
Ag'inst thuh Texas night,  
A face beneath a Stetson hat,  
Pinched and drawn and white,  
A stab of velvet orange flame,  
A cry choked in thuh night.*

Thuh Kid lies crumpled in thuh dust,  
Pat Garrett standin' near,  
And Death collects thuh price of death  
Along thuh last Frontier:  
A year for ev'ry life he took,  
A life for ev'ry year.





# The Lone Prospector of the Snows





## THE LONE PROSPECTOR OF THE SNOWS

*THEY tell this yarn in thuh honkatonks when  
thuh winter nights are long,  
And they've wearied teachin' a Cheechako thuh  
words of a frontier song.  
It isn't a yarn with a happy end, or success along  
thuh trail,  
It's only a tale they tell up there in thuh way they  
tell a tale.*

“The Lone Prospector of the Snows” goes wanderin’  
through thuh night,  
Some sez he isn’t real at all but only a shaft o’ light!  
I saw him once up north a bit, runnin’ behind his  
sled. . . .  
My spine it crackles, coss thet guy has been a long  
time dead. . . .

SINGING RAWHIDE

They sed he had a fracas down in Texas years afore,  
He thought he wuz a regiment a-fightin' a private  
war.

They wants him fer his lightnin' itch, so he and thuh  
Sheriff mix,  
But he beats the Sheriff tuh thuh draw with one of  
his two-gun tricks.

"Say, Sheriff, I cain't be caught," sez he, but thuh  
Sheriff wuz a bleater,  
Then a bullet cuts him short and he continued with  
Saint Peter.  
When yuh wings a Sheriff it doesn't pay to linger or  
hesitate,  
So natchrel-like this wise guy drifts out of thuh Lone  
Star State.

He wussn't long on talkin' much, he waltzed aroun'  
alone,  
But they tells this of thuh time he fust looked down  
the Yellowstone:  
He stands thar on the Canyon rim, then sez to his  
leetle boy:  
"God dug this hole in anger once, and painted it in  
joy."



“THE LONE PROSPECTOR OF THE SNOWS’ GOES WAN-  
DERIN’ THROUGH THUH NIGHT.”



SINGING RAWHIDE

His wife—yep! thet's another yarn . . . in one of  
thuh frontier dives  
She falls for a sport whut toted a pair of flashy  
forty-fives;  
Wrangler, sport, prince of poker, sarcastic, cool and  
rash,  
Whose faith wuz in his shootin'-irons, whose creed  
was cyards and cash.

The Lone Prospector in them days adored his only  
son,  
And he settled thuh gambler's debt to God behind  
a roarin' gun.  
A few years later on thuh range the boy mixed in a  
fight  
And paid thuh price, with interest too, by takin'  
wrong fer right.

Then over Chilkoot Pass thar come a figger bent 'n'  
old,  
His mind a blaze of rainbows each a markin' pots  
o' gold.  
Silent, broken with defeat, his heart a bleadin'  
scar. . . .  
Reports is dim from thet time on, a swift word yere  
and thar.

SINGING RAWHIDE

What he did and whar he went—God knows and He  
don't tell

The things whut's happened in thuh mists of this  
yere frozen Hell.

One night "Red" Simmons' son tuk sick, his fever  
runnin' high,

Thar warn't no sawbones near'n Nome . . . they  
cud only watch him die.

The Mother beatin' of her breast . . . thuh only  
kid they had,

'N' every hope that they possessed wuz bound up  
in thuh lad.

Then comes a tappin' at thuh door, and out of thuh  
drivin' snow

A man with snowshoes; armed; alone; waltzed in, a-  
bendin' low.

He seemed tuh know just what tuh do, he didn't stop  
tuh ask,

But swings around and takes a swig out of a pocket-  
flask.

'N' two weeks later with a sled, a sawbones cuss in  
tow,

He saves thuh kid, then disappears into thuh blindin'  
snow.



## SINGING RAWHIDE

Another time this driftin' hombre comes across a guy  
Whut's caught between a blizzard's teeth, and is  
waitin' thar tuh die.

He gives thuh guy a swig o' likker, puts him on his  
sled,

'N' got him tuh thuh nearest town—but not a word  
he sed.

Coss when he reached "Old Rawhide's" shack he  
just plumb disappeared,

And when thuh guy he'd saved talked fust they  
thought his mind wuz queered.

"Old Rawhide" went a-lookin' 'roun', then came  
back walkin' slow,

Scratchin' his hed coss he couldn't find no tracks out  
in thuh snow.

He felt ghost fingers in his hair, and thuh guy whut  
had been saved

He laid in "Rawhide's" shack fer days and only  
moaned and raved.

Final' he got completely well and went off shakin'  
his head,

Talkin' a streak of thuh silent man who had saved  
him on his sled.

SINGING RAWHIDE

This is thuh way thuh story's told, but thuh Lone  
Prospector shies

From any explainin' when he's seen etched ag'inst  
the skies.

"The Flyin' Dutchman of the North" a rangy  
writin' bloke

Once called him yere, but the gang wuz peeved and  
didn't like the joke.

Coss truth tuh tell, this lonely guy out in thuh snow  
and sleet

Is a kind o' symbol, a figger o' Fate, trampin' on  
frozen feet. . . .

The ice a-freezin' eyelids shut . . . the loneliness  
a jest

With the Devil's laughter in thuh wind a-whippin'  
at yore breast.

The Lone Prospector—yep! He's us! He's all  
Alaska's crowd

Whut's come up yere and found this Empire in a  
snowy shrowd. . . .

Thuh gang whut tuk old Seward's buy for seven  
million dollars

And conquered thuh last frontier ag'inst thuh words  
of Eastern scholars.

SINGING RAWHIDE

And since thet day we've paid yuh back six hundred  
times his price,

So, we kinda smile when yuh Cheechakos offers yore  
free advice.

If yuh wants tuh come up yere and live, and make  
yore diggin' pay,

Yuh'll discover yuhself a-battlin' through some  
onexpected day.

This yere Alaska's ribbed with steel, its heart don't  
melt with ease,

But they sez a woman whut's good and true at fust  
appears tuh freeze,

Then gradool like she larns yore worth, and then  
she larns tuh love. . . .

Boy! thet's Alaska! From her frozen hills to thuh  
grey skies up above!



“Yo’re a Funny Leetle Fellow”





"ALL DAY I HEAR YUH COOIN'  
IN THUH SILENCE OF M' HEART."

*"YO'RE A FUNNY LEETLE FELLOW"*

A FRONTIER MOTHER'S SONG

**Y**O'RE a funny leetle fellow  
With yuhr toes turned up,  
Yuhr wee mouth puckered,  
And cryin' like a pup.

When I have tuh go tuh work  
And leave yuh in yuhr cart,  
All day I hear yuh cooin'  
In thuh silence of m' heart.

You get yuhr small face wrinkled  
Like yuhr Father used tuh do,  
And when I hear yuh cryin'  
I know he's cryin' too.

I might as well take care of yuh  
And play a mother's part,  
So yuh'll grow up like yuhr Father did  
And break some woman's heart.





# Molly of the X-Bar-X





## *MOLLY OF THE X-BAR-X*

### I

**W**HEN Yuletide comes, thuh **X-Bar-X** is whar  
we likes tuh be,  
A-crowdin' like a bunch o' kids around thet Christ-  
mas tree.  
Thuh Boss, he cuts it down hizzelf, so it'll be jest  
right.  
His daughter Molly sez he hangs thuh tree with  
tears o' light.  
She's tall like sum slim flower, eyes soft and bluish  
gray,  
Like tender tips o' young spruce trees yuh seez in  
early May;  
Her hair a red-gold sunset glimpsed through misty,  
slantin' rain:  
The kinda beauty whut gives thuh heart a purrin'  
leetle pain.

## II

One Christmas everythin' wuz jake except for  
"Blaze," whose tongue  
Wuz jest about ez talkertive ez a guy whut hed  
been hung.

Thar wuz a gleam o' burnished steel in Blaze's half-  
closed eyes;

The range hed eaten into him and made him kinda  
wise.

He'd earned a name sometime afore (Blaze usual'  
ran tuh luck),

When Molly ridin' home frum town met a two-gun  
bird named Buck.

Blaze cums a-tearin' through th' dust out o' thuh  
chaparral

Whar he'd bin brandin' strays thet day, ridin' hiz  
pinto "Gal."

Then Buck he mussed thuh scenery with langwidge  
pipin' hot,

But a crack from thuh butt of a forty-five wuz all  
thuh joy he got.

He tried tuh reach hiz shootin'-iron whar it fell sum  
feet away,

[154]



"SHE'S TALL LIKE SUM SLIM FLOWER, EYES SOFT AND  
BLUISH GRAY,"



### SINGING RAWHIDE

But Blaze shot fust and Buck jes' clutched a hunk  
o' dryin' clay.

Blaze brought her hum, a-leavin' Buck, jes' lookin'  
at thuh skies,

As if a vision o' open Hell was afore hiz starin'  
eyes.

### III

Blaze bein' sech a handsome lad we figgered on a  
change,

But Molly went tuh school thet Fall, and Blaze he  
rode thuh range.

I don't know how thuh truth leaked out . . . 't  
warn't through me, at least,

It seems that wuz sum other gal he wrote to way back  
East.

It ain't jes' right to ask a guy whut's eatin' him  
inside,

So all we done wuz mind our biz—and all he done  
wuz ride.

## IV

This Christmas Eve thuh Boss invites us tuh thuh  
house, o' coss.

Thar's turkeys, an' all th' fixin's, an' bowls o' cran-  
berry sauce.

We wuz a hungry bunch that night, thuh tempera-  
ture so low

Yuh'd think yore feelin' somethin' hot when yuh  
teched th' cracklin' snow.

Molly wuz fixin' sum tinsel things whut hung  
around thuh tree

When one of thuh candles teched her dress afore she  
cud get it free.

And thar in front o' our starin' eyes (we wuz frozen  
cold to thuh floor)

She wuz burnin' up in a whirl o' fire when Blaze  
came through thuh door.

Jest in time he shed hiz coat and wrapped it all  
around

Her leetle quiverin' body . . . but she didn't make  
a sound.

We wuz so busy jumpin' about like flees on a hair-  
less pup,



SINGING RAWHIDE

We didn't notice tuh tree had fell when Blaze  
picked Molly up.  
Afore we knew it the room jes' roared with leetle  
tongues o' light. . . .  
Thar warn't no use . . . we had tuh fly intuh tuh  
Winter night,  
The wind a-howlin' frum tuh north, the Boss a  
whimperin' wreck,  
And Molly flingin' tremblin' arms around big  
Blaze's neck.

V

Badly scorched she wuz o' coss, but not a perm'nent  
hurt,  
For Blaze had put the fire out as she dropped in her  
flamin' skirt.  
He tuk her out tuh tuh cookie's shack, her head  
sunk on hiz arm,  
Breathin' a sigh to hiz God somewhar thet she'd  
suffered no further harm.  
We stud and watched tuh ranchhouse burn under  
the starlit skies,  
Wonderin' why we wuz born so dumb and Blaze so  
gol-darned wise.

## SINGING RAWHIDE

Then sudden thuh Boss cums runnin' down and grabs  
a-hold o' me,  
Sayin': "Red, up in thet burnin' house . . . a hell  
o' a place to be . . .  
"Is my desk with all my papers: mortgage, insurance  
and cash.  
"If they burns up along with thuh house it sartainly  
queers my hash."  
I gits thuh papers arter awhile, I'm singed on thuh  
hands and head,  
As Molly might say, enough tuh make me an "inter-  
estin' invalid."  
Th' insurance papers ain't burnt a-tall, so thuh Boss  
he sez tuh me:  
"With Molly safe, this sure is a gift from a great,  
big Christmas tree."

## VI

We finished rebuildin' thuh house by March, and  
thuh Boss he give a feast,  
And Blaze admitted that Molly wuz th' girl he wuz  
writin' tuh back East. . . .  
They'd had a row whut lovers has thet made 'em ride  
apart. . . .

SINGING RAWHIDE

She comin' back too proud tuh speak, Blaze nursin'  
a broken heart.

Sum guys has all thuh luck it seems. Why, take a  
look at me!

All I gets is a achin' burn and days o' misery.

Still, and how, I can't complain, I'm top-hand under  
Blaze,

An' I've got a gal in Alibone whut feeds me gobs o'  
praise.

She knits me woolen socks herself, and cooks frijoles  
too.

She sez I'm full o' applesauce a-gabbin' thuh way I  
do.

Thar's jest a passel north o' yere o' watered range-  
land idle;

I've got a hoss whut's buckin' yet agin thuh spurs  
and bridle.

Now all I need is a steer or two, a log house facin'  
South,

And with muh wife I'll settle down cum snow or  
rain or drouth.

I ain't thuh hero o' this pome, but down in Alibone  
I've got an audience whut thinks I'm a prince whut  
rides alone.



# Regrets





"AND HE HAD A WAY IN THUH MOONLIGHT  
OF SOOTHIN' A WOMAN'S FEARS."

## REGRETS

**H**E wuz only a youngster I know  
Without any brains or thought,  
But he kissed me full on thuh lips  
And smiled when I struggled and fought.

He could handle thuh old riata  
Like one who wuz twice hiz years,  
And he had a way in thuh moonlight  
Of soothin' a woman's fears.

He knew all thuh dances I'd heard of,  
He could ride like a person inspired,  
And he swung on his cayuse a-singin'  
When thuh Foreman said he wuz fired.

He didn't have money or hawss sense  
Like Bill with hiz acres of land,  
But when thar wuz no one a-lookin'  
He would bend and kiss my hand.

SINGING RAWHIDE

Bill's a good Father and husband,  
He'll be head of this State some day,  
He's generous and open-handed  
And he lets me have my way.

Yet now and ag'in I'm a-longin'  
For that jealous young buckaroo  
Who cut me one night with hiz rawhide. . . .  
It wuz thuh real *me* that he knew.





# A Rose of the Range





## *A ROSE OF THE RANGE*

### I

**O**H, I wuz young and Rose was young, but that  
wuz so long ago!

In chap and spur . . . could I look at her?

(I wuz bashful then, yuh know!)

Just a glance she gave and I wuz her slave—a  
woman's ways are strange.

I wuz young in years, but I could rope wild steers  
like thuh oldest hand on thuh range.

I wuz proud of thuh way I could ride all day, then  
wolf my chuck at night,

Take care of thuh stock, sleep like a rock, and rise  
with thuh mornin' light.

I could shoot as straight as a greaser's hate; I wuz  
strong as an army mule.

What I wuz taught I learned as I fought; the range  
wuz my public school.

## II

Where Smoke River flowed the Limited rode her  
shimmerin' trail of steel,  
Her windows alight in thuh prairie night she would  
rumble and roar and reel.  
At thuh water tank by thuh river bank, she would  
drink awhile, then go,  
But she broke a pin one night comin' in and she  
halted an hour or so.  
The night wuz damp and we'd pitched our camp  
under a friendly ledge  
A few feet back from thuh railroad track at thuh  
river's very edge.  
We loafed around on thuh rocky ground, and thuh  
passengers sat or walked. . . .  
Banker and buyer about our fire thuh Easterners  
listened and talked.  
It's lots of fun, all's said and done, tuh chatter on  
Western glories,  
So we filled those guys (they thought they were  
wise) with our usual run of stories.  
They believed me, too, as greenhorns do, thuh  
usual scramble of lies . . .



"SHE LEARNED TUH RIDE THUH PRAIRIE WIDE IN SPLIT  
SKIRT AND WITH SPURS."



### SINGING RAWHIDE

Of wolves in bands we'd killed with our hands; of  
rattlesnakes elephant size!

And while it poured and thuh night wind roar'd and  
some gamblers were shootin' dice,

Thar came a shriek that blanched thuh cheek and  
coverèd our hearts with ice.

'Twas a mother's cry, high-pitched and dry:

“My daughter Rose is lost!”

And I wuzzn't thuh sort who would stay in port, or  
stop tuh count thuh cost,

So in half a second, or less I reckoned, I'd forked  
my pinto's back,

And I fanned thuh wind like a soul who'd sinned,  
along thuh railroad track.

### III

Rose had wandered alone in thuh dim unknown . . .  
just why, God only knows,

But should we ask? Fate sets the task, we must  
follow whar woman goes.

So I looked about till I found her out, tortured by  
womanly fears,

SINGING RAWHIDE

Cowerin' down in a flimsy gown, her white face  
    stained with tears.  
Beside her thar in thuh drizzlin' air wuz a rattler  
    coiled and ready,  
So on thuh run I groped for my gun (as a rule my  
    arm wuz steady).  
No time tuh think, but quick as a wink I tied that  
    snake in a knot. . . .  
'Twas a right neat job; here is my fob with thuh  
    rattles that I got.  
I took her back down thuh railroad track, all over  
    her touch of fear,  
And I watched thuh train pull out in thuh rain from  
    where I'm sittin' yere.  
Her mother wuz thar with a queenly air, and she  
    gathered Rose in her arm.  
"Come here," she said with a toss of her head.  
    "You're likely to come to harm.  
"These are rough men, child."  
    But Rose only smiled. There wuz nothin'  
        for her tuh say,  
So she waved her hand to our cowboy band while  
    thuh Limited pulled away.



## IV

Oh, I wuz young and Rose wuz young, and that wuz  
long ago!

And yet to-night by thuh firelight, it is almighty  
good tuh know,

If I put out my hand she will understand and place  
her hand in mine.

Oh! the sound of her voice makes me rejoice, and it  
thrills my heart like wine.

For I made my pile in a leetle while, and I followed  
her back tuh the East.

Friend, for all our chatter it doesn't matter, a man's  
a man at least

Out here in thuh West where there's room and rest.

Back there in thuh land of Yanks,

Where New York stands with welcomin' hands  
along thuh Hudson's banks,

I didn't give in till I'd roped her in . . .

Good gosh! she wuz livin' swell!

But I had my way and I took her away—just how  
I couldn't tell.

She came out yere whar the air is clear, and I built  
a house like hers,

SINGING RAWHIDE

And she learned tuh ride tuh prairie wide in split  
skirt and with spurs.

She had tuh stuff—friend, that's enough, east,  
west, north and south.

One's bound tuh win with her buttin' in, come good  
years or the drouth.

I forgot tuh say, when we went away, I had a rival  
or two,

But my homespun clothes looked good to Rose, and  
tuh moments were gol-danged few. . . .

With tuh tickets bought, I did as I ought, I didn't  
dally with pity,

I turned tuh trick by hitchin' up quick, and sneakin'  
out of tuh city.

V

Now every year, when tuh fall is near, at tuh  
ruined water tank

We strike our camp (if tuh nights are damp) under  
a nice dry bank.

When tuh long track hums as tuh Limited comes  
(It doesn't stop yere any more)

We stand and look from our campin' nook as it  
thunders by with a roar.

And Rose number Two will watch as we do, and  
every year she tries

Tuh question me quite timidly of tuh look in her  
mother's eyes.

## SINGING RAWHIDE

It's lucky for me that I'm rich you see, but what's  
thuh difference, friend?

I'd rather be poor on this prairie floor than East with  
money to spend.

Yuh don't know just what a mustang's dust means  
to a Westerner's heart;

Or thuh steady beat of a great herd's feet when thuh  
curtains of mornin' part,

And we're on our way thuh whole long day across  
thuh hills and plains,

Campin' at night by firelight whether it's clear or it  
rains.

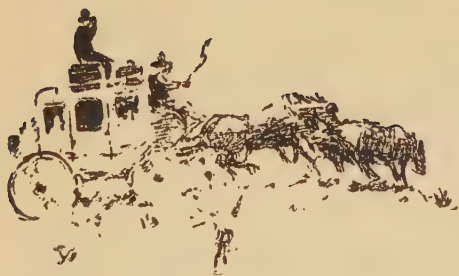
And with Rose beside me yere to ride our realm of  
desert and sky,

This is thuh place tuh live with grace, and here is  
thuh spot tuh die!





# A Song of the West





"IN THUH GOOD OLD DAYS A 'TWO-GUN' DRAW WUZ PART  
OF OUR EDDICATION. . . ."

## *A SONG OF THE WEST*

**I**N thuh good old days a "two-gun" draw wuz  
part of our eddication. . . .

We hadn't time fer creeds or law . . . we wuz  
buildin' up a nation.

Frum out thuh East thuh weaklin's came, and in less  
than one short year

They won their spurs and a he-man's name along  
thuh old frontier.

40  
Tuh ask a man what hiz past had been wuz some-  
thin' never done,

Fer like as not with a stupid grin yuh'd be starin'  
down a gun.

A man's own word wuz hiz royal right, hiz title cold  
and clear. . . .

And what he wuz yuh took on sight along thuh old  
frontier.

SINGING RAWHIDE

In a game of stud but few got mad . . . thuh wise  
man's hand wuz steady,  
Fer thuh ones who smiled were thuh ones who had  
their shootin'-irons ready.  
It wasn't wise tuh bluff a sport who made strange  
cards appear,  
And some who tried found life wuz short along thuh  
old frontier.

Out on thuh plains where thuh buffalo came down  
like rollin' thunder,  
They have flung their rails where thuh swift trains  
go, and thuh hills are split asunder.  
But who shall say that thuh things that are bring  
faith or love or fear?  
I only know that my dreams are far along the old  
frontier.





# The Lay of the Last Frontier





*THE LAY OF THE LAST FRONTIER*

**H**ICKOK rests by Calamity Jane,  
John Hardin sleeps in thuh dust,  
Billy thuh Kid's fast forty-fours  
Are toys long silent with rust.

Pat Garrett is only a memory,  
Buffalo Bill a name,  
Joseph Smith and Brigham Young  
Wrapped in sheets of flame.

Cummings and Dallas Stoudenmire,  
Middaugh and McCarthy are still,  
Custer along thuh Little Big Horn,  
Marshall of Sutter's Mill.

McLoughlin—"White Eagle" of Oregon,  
Erickson's "longest" bar,  
The Mississippi pilots pass,  
And Nelson of thuh "Star."

Thuh heroes of thuh Alamo,  
Mark Twain and good Bill Nye,  
Artemus Ward and Uncle Abe,  
Last Chance Gulch and "Chi."

"Marshall's" of Bret Harte's "'Frisco" days  
Where met a dyin' race;  
Jack London, Sterling, Ambrose Bierce  
At Papa Coppa's place.

Sibley, monarch of old St. Paul,  
Cole Younger, Jesse James. . . .  
Rollin' forth from thuh throat of Time  
In a thunderin' roster of names.

Thuh beat of thuh buffalo down thuh plains,  
Thuh Remington's sharp report  
When wheelin' out of a cloud of dust  
They shot 'em down for sport.

They have laid away thuh uniforms  
Of Eighteen-Forty-Eight,  
And in place of thuh Alamo "defi"  
We argue and hesitate.



"... REDSKINS ETCHED AG'INST THUH SKY  
IN SILHOUETTES OF DEATH."



SINGING RAWHIDE

The settler watchin' in thuh night  
With sharp, suspended breath,  
For Redskins etched ag'inst thuh sky  
In silhouettes of death.

Rain-In-The-Face and Sittin' Bull  
Have gone their ways at last,  
And all thuh other chieftains are  
But shadows on thuh past.

Along with Santa Anna's leg  
Have gone thuh wounds of war,  
With thuh clotted blood of thuh Wilderness  
In Eighteen-Sixty-Four.

Valhalla's halls are echoin'  
With those who laughed at fear,  
And all thuh host who rode thuh range  
Now ride thuh Last Frontier.

